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SUSTAINING

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS* (115)

12:30-1:30 PM

AUGUST 12, 1934

FRIDAY

ANNOUNCER: AND NOW, "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" —

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET, RANGER SONG

(SOUND OF DOOR)

JERRY: Hey Jim -

JIM: Yes?

JERRY: That's the Max. Robinson was last night. He stood in
line at the Robert Road and (to Jerry) he is the person!

JIM: Yes, that's it, Jerry. The Supervisor came to see him
and Mr. Road is coming to this city tonight and there is
an investigation of these conditions and even the other
conditions will be changed. And it looks like we'll have
that Saturday night.

JERRY: I don't know what you're talking about. I don't know.

JIM: Yes, I think Robert Road is a pretty important man.

JERRY: I suppose he was the head of the city will have all the contacts
of the city. But he was the head of the city of playing
around in a bunch of kids?

JIM: (MURMURS) No, all right, now. Especially when the head
is the head and the city is the city. The head is the head.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Hey, Jerry, what's the head? I don't know.
If he was the head of the city.

JIM: You don't know, Jerry?

JIM: Yes, I don't know what Jerry. He was the head of the city
in the coffee and the city. (MURMURS) He was the head of the city
in the city, when he was head.

JERRY: Now, the Robinson? He was the head of the city, Jerry -

JIM: (LAUGHING) Jerry, he was the head of the city, Jerry.

BESS: Jim Robbins you'll make Jerry think -- (LAUGHS) Jim never gets tired of teasing me.

JIM: (SERIOUSLY) Well, any way, I wouldn't exactly call him a dude. He's a real no-nos.

JERRY: Gosh! I thought you were going to have a bunch of tenderfeet along. I wish I could go, too, now.

JIM: Can't be done, now. You'll have to stay around where you can keep in touch with the phone. The fire situation is getting bad again.

JERRY: How long will you be out?

JIM: I don't know. Till Bob's satisfied, I guess. He wants to look into grazing and wild life conditions for a report to his committee.

BESS: You haven't told me who he has with him.

JERRY: Do you know?

JIM: Nope. His valet, I reckon.

BESS: Bob Reed wouldn't have a valet any more than you would, Jim Robbins.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Nope, I reckon not, Bees. Maybe it's his secretary. Maybe it's a blonde --

BESS: Jim Robbins, if you don't! --

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JERRY: Some one at the front door.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Saved my life, too, I expect, Jerry --

BESS: (GOING OFF HURRIEDLY) My goodness -- and me with this old apron on --

JIM: (CALLS) Come in -- (DOOR OPENS)

JIM: What is it?
 RON: It's coming up in a few minutes with my car.
 JIM: Well, we'll be there and we'll be there and we'll be there.
 (SOUNDING) And you still have a dream? I don't know.
 RON: You let I see.
 JIM: And you see that you a little something before you
 start?
 JIM: (SOUNDING) Not me, please, Bob. I'm not looking for you
 going.

PHYSICAL INTERLUDE

(SOUNDING EFFECTS - MUSIC PLAYING)

JIM: What, Bob? (SOUNDING) What is that? I don't know. Bob
 RON: What is it? I see it. It's not a car. It's not a car.
 (SOUNDING) And you still have a dream? I don't know.

(SOUNDING EFFECTS - MUSIC PLAYING)

RON: What, Bob? (SOUNDING) What is that? I don't know. Bob
 JIM: (SOUNDING) What is that? I don't know. Bob
 RON: What is it? I see it. It's not a car. It's not a car.
 (SOUNDING) And you still have a dream? I don't know.

(SOUNDING EFFECTS - MUSIC PLAYING)

JIM: What, Bob? (SOUNDING) What is that? I don't know. Bob
 RON: What is it? I see it. It's not a car. It's not a car.
 (SOUNDING) And you still have a dream? I don't know.

ROND: (LAUGHS) Cows went for you, ah, Perry? They weren't dangerous, son. Just curious.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) They thought you were going to give them some salt, I reckon.

HIATT: (CITIFIED MANNER) No, sir. They were rampant. One large cow with horns pawed and bellowed terribly.

(ROND AND JIM LAUGH LOUDLY)

ROND: (LAUGHS) Too bad you didn't get the picture, Perry. A Hereford cow with horns is quite a novelty in this country.

HIATT: Oh, sir, but I did. I remembered that you had told me to get pictures of everything, so I faced them bravely 'till the large cow bellowed so furiously.

(ROND AND JIM LAUGH)

JIM: You'll do, Hiatt. (BOTH MEN LAUGH AGAIN) If you're ready, now, we'll push along.

ROND: I'm ready, if Perry is. Whoa, Zipper.

HIATT: Yes, sir. If I can mount my horse.

(FOOTSTEPS)

JIM: (CHUCKLES) You won't have any trouble now. He's recovered from his fright.

HIATT: (OFF) Whoa now, horse -- whoa.

ROND: (LAUGHING) Perry's not much on this horseback riding, Jim, but he is a good secretary and a good photographer. I see he's in the saddle all right. Shall we go?

JIM: Yes. I want to get to the top before we stop for lunch.

(CLUCKS) Come on Dolly.

(FADEOUT WITH HORSES WALKING)

BIATT: Why - uh - you see, there's a little disk up on the --
 BOND: (LAUGHS) Say - you'll have to get used to that, son.
 JIM: (CHUCKLING) Yep. Better just shut your eyes and slip her
 down.

BIATT: Well -- here it goes.

JIM: That's the boy.

(PAUSE)

JIM: Well, maybe that'll keep soul and body together 'till we
 get into camp.

BOND: Yes. The horses ought to be pretty well rested by now, son.

JIM: They sure had. Guess we'd better be moving. I want to
 get you folks up into the Saw Tooth range before sun down --
 then Peary can get a real picture.

BOND: All set, Jim?

JIM: All right. (MOVES) (CLUCKS) Let's go, Dolly.

BIATT: Get up - get up, horses. (SOUND OF HORSES)

(INTERVAL)

(SOUND OF HORSES)

JIM: Pretty tough climbing when you get up around timber line,
 huh, Bob?

BOND: Yes, Elyzer's puffing like a steam engine already.

(BLATING OF SHEEP, OFF)

JIM: Voo, Dolly. (HORSE STOP) There's Dillinger's camp camp
 up on that knob. And there's the ladder of light trees in
 toward this rocky ridge. Going to bed when here tonight
 I reckon.

WARR: (GROANING) These I was scared to believe it. I don't
 get a picture of them.

JIM: Take a few minutes, Percy. He's gonna want to see some
 more. It looks a little stormy so I want to see the sun
 set in (GROANS) Come on, Golly.

(GROSS WALKING AND PUFFING)

PATRICK

(PAUSE)

JIM: Well, here we are, Bob. How are you feeling, Percy?

WARR: I'm a little - sorry, I'm afraid.

JIM: (GROANING) Are you? - Well, I almost could have walked
 around a bit and looked up. I'll take care of the house
 directly. - Think you can help it right?

WARR: I - I think so.

JIM: (GROANING) Well, well, you look like a little more
 worried, you.

WARR: Yes - what do you want?

JIM: (GROANING) You'll see. - Well, Bob, what do you think of
 the house (GROANS)

WARR: It's a beautiful spot. Look at that fine green tree. Good.
 The old tree stands so large when the others are so
 small!

JIM: Well, you are, but you're protected from the wind -
 By the big tree over there. That tree's perfect in position.
 The big tree is my table, and when the wind is
 right it's at my back door.

WARR: It looks good to me, Jim. (GROANS) So Golly, I don't have
 anything to say to you a little more - yes.

JIM: Well, we made a pretty hard ride at that. (SHAPE BURR) These you go, Dailly. Here, Bob, put this shell on Buck.

BLATT: Say, why do you put shells on them?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, son, its kinda hard to get to sleep up here. The shells sorta lull you to sleep, as the poets say.

BOB: (LAUGHS) Yeah? If the horses don't run off a mile or two.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) They might at that, so we'll just put Zippo on a picket rope. Whoo, Zipper. Now I guess you won't run far.

BLATT: What a beautiful setting. I must get a picture of this sleeping spot.

JIM: It'll be better in the morning, Perry. I'd like to take you up on that high point now, before the sun goes down - if you can still manage.

BLATT: I think so. (GROANS)

JIM: Come on, Bob, it's waste the hike and it'll linger you up.

BOB: Nothing doing, Jim. I haven't lost anything up there and I'll linger up around camp, getting in wood and start a fire.

JIM: We've plenty of time for that later. I want Blatt to take a picture from the top of the world. Go ahead, Blatt, we'll be right along. (FOOT STEPS RECEDING) Come on, Bob. (CHUCKLES) I think he'll need some help with that picture up there.

BOB: What's the idea?

JIM: There's a natural static up there when it's stormy like this. Makes your hair crackle and speak like fire. Come on, I want to see what Blatt does when he gets into it.

(LAUGHING) All right. I've heard it. I know. (POOR STATE
 OF AFFAIRS)
 (CACKLING) Wait a minute, Miss. - He's almost up, say,
 watch him.
 By golly. I'm most of grown, (EXCITEDLY) Help smoke.
 Jim, I'll war with a state here. Your hat was taken
 looks like this, don't it? (CACKLING) All right, Miss.
 So on by and take a picture of us with Ben forward in the
 background (QUIETLY) Watch now Bob (CACKLING) (POOR
 STATE)
 (OFF) Is all in a heap - (TELLING) Help, I'm on fire,
 Mr. Bobbin!
 (EXCITEDLY) By golly, the boys were so it, Jim. Look
 at the hair, it's smoking like a locomotive.
 (CACKLING) It won't hurt him, say (CACKLING) Hey, Fern!
 roll over down the hill. (POOR STATE) There you are, you
 look like the master!
 (CACKLING) Oh my hair's all burned off. That was all
 on my account, it will be missed. I forgot it. Now all!
 I got it!
 Well a minute, now. I'll get 'em.
 Well, it didn't hurt the hair - what in heaven is it, Jim?
 I really don't know Bob. It gets just like a kind of alarm
 of electricity. Folks have come out of the party here
 and said: I got into it about ten years ago and now I
 am still in danger of
 (LAUGHING) Now will you get my camera?

JIM: We'll go around to the other side and look up. It's the wind. You don't feel it that way. Come on, I'll show you.

(PAUSE * FOOTSTEPS - ROOMS RATTLING)

JIM: Handle your camera, Slatt. Don't feel the time, now do you?

SLATT: No, sir, it seems to have disappeared.

BOB: Well, I'll be pleased. It's gone.

JIM: Now, it's still there, but you seem to be putting a limit on what you feel it, I've found.

SLATT: I'm glad I can't feel it any more. — But, my word, I never get so many mountains. Just now, as far as the eyes can reach, I must get some pictures.

JIM: Go ahead, Slatt. That's Blue Lake, Snow Dome and just a little Old Screamer Peak. And there's the New York skyline fading into the distance.

BOB: You called it the top of the world, Jim. I realized I was right. I'm glad I came up.

JIM: See how you're getting behind those clouds, Slatt. There's a picture for you, eh, Bob?

BOB: It makes you feel really small, doesn't it, Jim?

JIM: I almost feel that way, Bob, when I'm up here, Bob. (SOLENNELY)

Kinda makes a fellow realize what a small place he really is.

BOB: Yes, and now I'll let it amount to — what we have.

JIM: Yes — Well, I guess I'll go down and build a fire, and put on the coffee pot.

BOB: I'll go with you; it's a pretty little climb.

JIM: It always is up here when the wind goes down — Well, never. As you know, you'll be ready to sit down and eat a little supper, I suppose.

BLATT: Yes sir, but I think -- I think I'd rather not standing so.
(TADEOUT WITH MEN LAUGHING)

ANNOUNCER: Well -- with Ranger Jim as a guide, I'll bet these two
men have a wonderful trip -- even if the first day was a
little strenuous.

Next Friday at this time Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers
will be with us again. The National Broadcasting Company
presents this program with the cooperation of the United
States Forest Service.

7b/10:25 AM
Aug. 7, 1934

